

CHICAGO - July 27, 1945

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #1

Norma
Vic
Hank
Eva
Glenn
Wallie

At today's meeting of the Board of Directors at which were present:

Norma. Me
Myself
I

It was decided that in the interest of simplification, instead of writing each family member individually on matters of general interest, joint letters addressed to all members would be sent out hereafter.

Because these letters will be accumulated and sent out periodically, some items may be old news when received, but you are requested to please ignore this fact.

As stated, these letters will include only matters of general interest and personal letters will still be written on items of individual concern. Personal confidences will not be betrayed but will be held strictly confidential. These general bulletins will be enclosed when personal communications are mailed.

Any information you would like to have relayed to other members, may be sent to this office and it will be forwarded promptly.

If you have any suggestions on how to make these letters more enjoyable, please send them to the writer for consideration.

Special bulletins will be sent out occasionally to report such items as births, changes of address, promotions in rank, salary increases (so the rest will know who is most apt to have money to lend), etc. Therefore - if you want to see your name in print, send such news to us immediately. Changes of address, especially, should be mailed promptly.

A list of anniversaries is being compiled and an effort will be made to warn you of impending dates each month. If any omission is made, forgiveness is asked in advance, and it will be appreciated if you will send in a correction.

Your close cooperation is requested.

Sincerely,

President

Inter- Family Communications of the Nelson Family during World War II by Effie M. Nelson

Index of Communications

Effie Six Brothers

1.	07/22/43	1 page	35.	11/28/44	5 pages
2.	07/28/43	3 pages	36.	01/19/45	2 pages
3.	08/10/43	1 page	37.	02/05/45	2 pages
4.	08/20/43	1 page	38.	02/15/45	1 page
5.	10/04/43	2 pages	39.	02/07/45	2 pages
6.	10/26/43	3 pages	40.	03/15/45	2 pages
7.	11/10/43	2 pages	41.	04/09/45	5 pages
8.	11/24/43	2 pages	42.	04/18/45	3 pages
9.	12/03/43	2 pages	43.	05/10/45	2 pages
10.	01/04/44	1 page	44.	05/18/45	3 pages
11.	01/11/44	4 pages	45.	06/07/45	1 page
12.	01/09/44	1 page	46.	06/22/45	1 pages
13.	02/22/44	5 pages	47.	07/09/45	1 page
14.	03/08/44	2 pages	48.	07/19/45	1 page
15.	03/20/44	3 pages	49.	07/30/45	2 pages
16.	03/28/44	2 pages	50.	08/10/45	2 pages
17.	04/04/44	1 page	51.	08/24/45	5 pages
18.	04/25/44	2 pages	52.	09/12/45	2 pages
19.	05/02/44	3 pages	53.	09/17/45	1 page
20.	05/10/44	1 page	54.	10/10/45	1 page
21.	05/18/44	3 pages	55.	10*29/45	1 page
22.	05/26/44	1 page	56.	11/07/45	4 pages
23.	06/02/44	1 page			
24.	06/20/44	1 page			
25.	06/27/44	1 page			
26.	07/06/44	2 pages			
27.	07/20/44	2 pages			
28.	08/04/44	1 page			
29.	08/18/44	3 pages			
30.	09/14/44	4 pages			
31.	10/04/44	1 page			
32.	10/11/44	1 page			
33.	10/07/44	2 pages			
34.	11/03/44	2 pages			

CHICAGO - July 26, 1943

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #2

Home
Vic
Hank
Eva
Wallie

Letters to Glen should be addressed as follows:

Cadet Midshipman G. A. Nelson
S.S. Nicholas Biddle
Postmaster
New York City, New York

Seas Shipping Co.)
39 Courtlandt St.) (This goes in the left hand corner)
New York City)

And be sure you place your return address on the envelope.

July 23, 1941

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #2
Section 2

Vic
Hank
Eva
Glenn
Wallie

Had a brief note from Glen today saying:

"Been assigned to the S S Nicholas Biddle and am really happy. Swell ship, swell quarters, swell officers and swell everything....We'll be leaving quite soon. No more shore leave after tonite."
(this was dated July 24)

He is probably on his way by now and I for one intend to write him as usual so the mail can accumulate for him to read when it catches up with him. Hope the rest of you do the same. He certainly will have some interesting experiences to tell us when he returns. God bless him!

Spent the weekend at home and found everything pretty well under control. Mother wasn't feeling very well and spent the two days laying around. Her kidneys were acting up. However, Nina called home last night to check up on her and found she had been out visiting all day, playing cards, going to the cemetery, and ending up some place else for dinner, so I guess she is much improved. Her biggest trouble is that she worries and if she can't find anything big to worry about, she worries just as much about some little things. Let's all make it our business to send her more cheerful letters.

Dad was on the beam except that the heat bothered him a bit.

Shirley is working every day and that pay check each week looks like a gold mine to her. She is doing very well, too.

Jack is also keeping busy with all kinds of odd jobs. He is growing up into a real man. By the way - he has decided to stop smoking and hadn't had a 'fag' in two weeks when I was there. He nearly weakened Saturday but instead he gave me his pack and said 'no more'. Don't mention this but thought you would like to know.

Mary is as busy as a bee keeping house for Mother. She gets paid each week and it is really surprising how much she has improved. She is very interested in sewing and went so far as to save her pennies for a Mannequin Doll at a cost of \$4.00. This is a doll that is used for a model on which to try out styles and designs before making them up for herself. She sews beautifully and I'd like to see her make this her profession some day.

More is the same as always - trying to divide her time between her many friends and her families and keep them all happy. Her hair is growing fast and getting darker and I think she is going to be tall and dark like her big sister.

Chuckie was over for church and dinner and she looked like a little doll. We took some pictures for Hank and will send them to him as soon as they are developed.

You'd never guess what we did Sunday---George, Jackie, Arta and I went swimming in the quarry, the big one on the west side of the road. I've never enjoyed swimming so much. The water is so clean and blue and still and you can look way down deep and even see the fish swimming around. You've heard about how the kids crawl up the steep sides and dive from such high places...well, both Jack and George showed us how they do it and then dared Arta and me to dive from a place about 12 feet high. It didn't look very high looking up but when we had crawled up to this little ledge about three inches wide, it looked a helluva lot farther ~~my~~ down than it was. If I had stopped to think about it, don't believe ~~my~~ I ever would have gotten the nerve to jump, but I said 1 - 2 - 3 - go - and in I went, head first. I was never so thrilled before. I tried it two times more and got more scared each time and the third time I did something wrong so I wrenched my back and it is a little sore but it was nothing serious. For a gal who can't swim any more than I can, Jackie says "You've got a lot of guts". I'm all goose pimples thinking about it, even now. By the way - Arta is a cissy. She didn't jump.

Here's a quotation I liked pretty well so I showed it to the boss and he promptly used it on a letter he was sending out to 250 people. Maybe you will like it to:

"Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the ~~right~~ thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and, however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly."

Good, isn't it? My boss has me collecting them now and I'll send you some more sometime.

Let my hair down this week and my friends walk past without recognizing me. Guess I'll have to put it up again.

Time for lunch and anyway you must be tired of this jabber. Can't understand how I can ramble on this way when I hate gabby women so much.

Signing off - love to all of you from your sis

Send to
Mellie
-Vic
Hank
Eve
Sharon
Walter

JAN 10, 1942

It's a boy!!!

Yes, a son was born at eight o'clock this morning to Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Nelson at the St. Luke's Hospital in Racine, Wisconsin.

Mother and son are doing well.

Grandmother Nelson was on duty substituting for Junior's father, and she reported to your correspondent immediately requesting that a bulletin be rushed to all interested parties.

Remember this as a red letter day.

E.
Editor

August 20, 1943

Home
Vic ✓
Hank
Eva
Glenn
Wallie ✓

enclosed Frankie's letter

SPECIAL, PLEASE NOTE:

The following is quoted from a letter received from
Mrs. Troy:

"Troy is now a Buck Sergeant. No raise in salary
but in rank it means a step. He lost the T under
his stripes. Next in line now is Staff Sergeant."

Congratulations, Troy. I salute you.

* * * * *

Talked to Mother this morning and she reports that Mrs.
Vic and son, Marvin Viggo, are now at home and both are getting
along beautifully. She said, "He is a wonderful baby," and I ask
you - Who should know more about it?

* * * * *

Inquiries have been received asking why pictures of our
Merchant Mariner have not been sent out. Called the studio and
they inform me the pictures will be ready next Monday, the 23rd.
You can be looking for them the end of the week.

* * * * *

For the information of those who do not yet know, your
correspondent is not taking her scheduled trip to San Francisco
due to the emergency. Will have to put it off for a couple of
months or more I guess, for tickets, I should say reservations, on
the trains west are pretty hard to get. Next time will plan it a
little earlier.

* * * * *

Shirley visited us last weekend and we did what every
woman loves to do - we went shopping and bought her two new dresses.
Saturday night she took me to see the stage play "Jane Eyre" adapted
from Charlotte Bronte's book, and it was wonderful. Wish all of you
could have been there.

Love & kisses...

October 4, 1945

X-X-X-X-X-TRA X-X-X-X-X-TRA X-X-X-X-X-TRA X-X-X-X-X-TRA EXTRA

MISS CHARLOTTE ATKINSON BECOMES BRIDE OF
CORPORAL HENRY V. NELSON IN
Sgt. DOUBLE RING CEREMONY

This is one of those super-specials in case you haven't already guessed it. Never having written a wedding announcement before, your reporter doesn't know where to begin - - -

Hank arrived home on a furlough Monday morning (unexpectedly) and he rushed up to Chuckie and said, "Come on, honey, let's go and get married." Chuckie bashfully responded, "But darling, I can't get dressed in my wedding clothes so fast. It will be at least Friday night before I get my hair combed and all." Hank, knowing that Chuckie wasn't always so 'slow' gallantly gave in and consented to a church wedding, and this is how it went:

As the guests entered the church, they were met by two of the bridegroom's sisters, Misses Shirley and Mary Nelson, who ushered them to their seats. The two girls looked very sweet and demure in their lovely yellow gowns, and they carried sweetheart bouquets of 'mums and yellow roses.

As the bride entered the church and walked down the aisle on the arm of her father, a deep hush fell on the crowd as they stared wide-eyed at the exquisite picture Chuckie created in her beautiful white satin gown. Her father escorted her down the aisle (as I said before) and gave her to the calm groom who took her arm and they stepped up to the altar. The attendants, Ann in a lovely powder-blue dress, and Eddie with his head cocked on one side, took their places beside them and stood in attendance while Carol Grau beautifully sang "O Perfect Love". Oh, it was so-o-o solemn and many were the heart-strings that began to twang audibly.

Rev. Seeman appeared on the scene and pronounced the necessary words, the bride and groom exchanged rings without fumbling, turned to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March and dashed out of the church. They didn't leave quite fast enough, however, to escape the hurricane of rice thrown by a few guests who got out ahead of them.

The service was performed in candle-light and the altar was decorated very tastefully with white, yellow and blending-colored (that's a whopper) flowers - 'mums, asters, marigolds, etc.

The wedding party went immediately to the photographers to have pictures taken, and then to Nelson's Hotel for dinner. About 9:30 (incidentally, the wedding was at 7 o'clock) the crowd gathered at the High Street Hall for the reception. The bridal couple were presented with many gifts, refreshments were served, and those who wished to could dance or drink beer. They endured having their friends around for about two hours and then Eddie whisked them away.

They stayed in town but no one knew just where. They came home the next day. Hank leaves again for camp tomorrow (Tuesday), and he doesn't know where or when from there on.

Another pleasant surprise came along this weekend when Glenn walked in on us Friday. My knees almost gave way beneath me when he showed up here at the office - I was so surprised. He had to leave again for New York today at 2 o'clock so he didn't have a great deal of time here, but he was lucky, and so were we, that he was able to get a leave from the ship. His next voyage will be a long one and he probably won't get home again for many months...from six to eight. For those who haven't heard, his first trip was to Scotland where he laid over for 14 days. He enjoyed his visit there a lot and was really thrilled to have a friend of his from Racine walk up to him one day *in Glasgow* and say hello. It's a small world.

Hannah and Alex are going to be married this Thursday. They wanted to be married while Glenn was here so he could be one of the witnesses, but being civilians, they must wait five days after taking out their license to wed and Glenn couldn't stay here that long. They plan to have a quiet ceremony, our mother taking Glenn's place. After a short trip, they will reside at the bride's home. Everyone is happy about the whole thing.

Wedding cake from Hank and Chuckie was sent to those who couldn't attend and we hope it arrives in good shape. Jackie also saved some of the cigars to send to the men.

Chuckie's mother wasn't told until Monday night that they wanted a large wedding, and how she ever managed everything so well in such a short time, I'll never know. Everything went off without a hitch. When her father heard the news, he was still in the hospital, and he insisted that he was going to give the bride away, so he was taken home the next day and he got out of bed, went to the church and to the reception, and stood up very well under the strain. They are as proud of their new son as we are of our new family member.

No word from Vic yet, but Pete Damm wrote home that they expected the 87th Bn. to join them in the Co. Pacific, so we expect to hear from Vic to that effect.

Hope to get these in the mail tonight so had better get cuttin'.

copies to: Glenn ✓
Vic ✓
Con + Lang ✓
Wallie ✓
Bullie ✓
Dick ✓

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #6

October 26, 1943

Vic
Hank
Eva
Glenn
Wallie

There is such a shortage of stenographers here at the office that they have kept me so busy I haven't been able to issue my letters as often as I'd like to...and if business interferes with pleasure, give up the business. That's what I'm doing right now. The boss is away - I asked him to take the afternoon off so I could catch up on my personal correspondence.

I was so sorry to hear of the sudden death of Chuckie's Father last week. Mother told me that when Chuckie and her mother got up one morning, they found him in a kneeling position beside his bed with his hands folded as if in prayer. Wasn't that a beautiful way to leave this world?

We had very good news from Wallie last week. Now that his basic training is almost completed, he and the other fellows in the A.S.T.P. group have been given mental, physical and aptitude tests to determine if they qualified for further schooling. Our boy made the grade with flying colors and he has chosen to take this training in Mechanical Engineering. He won't get a furlough before going on to school as he had hoped, and he doesn't know where or which school he will be sent to, but it is possible he will be sent nearer home...I hope.

Eva and Troy had a few uneasy moments when they first returned to California after their vacation for they had a change in command in that area and Troy thought he might be transferred. So far nothing has happened.

Hank returned to Camp Forrest after his honey moon and was immediately sent to New York, embarkation point. They had a letter from him at home saying he had arrived OK, and as soon as I know Mina is awake, I will call her and get his new address.

As you probably know, Jackie is working after school every day at Western Printing. He feels like a millionaire now that he's getting that paycheck each week.

Russell's insurance has come through finally so the folks will again have a regular income. With that and their allotment checks each month, they should have smooth sailing. Will tell you more when I know it myself.

Do you know why they call soldiers "dog faces"? It's because they wear dog tags and sleep in puppy tents.

Noticed by the paper last night that the bill to increase the family allotments has been signed by the President. The only one it will affect is Vic but I bet it will really be welcome.

Sold bonds again last night and brought my total for the month up to \$873. That should keep you well fed for a few weeks, won't it fellows?

REVISED LIST OF JUVENILES - OCTOBER 27, 1941

Home: 2041 Superior St.
Racine, Wisconsin
Jackson 7834-R

Daddy's Inn
2714 Peterson Ave.
Chicago 46, Illinois (Ambassador 5542)

Roy Nelson
1114 Center Street
Racine, Wisconsin

Vincent J. Nelson, C.M. 1/a
Co. 3 - 4 - 37th Naval Const. Bn.
Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs.: 2006 N. Chatham St., Racine

Sgt. Henry V. Nelson 813
518th Ord. Co. (M.M.)
A.P.O. 4215 - c/o Postmaster
New York City, N.Y.
Mrs: 1103 Reschke, Racine

Mrs. V.W. Heikkala
6 Fountain Street
San Francisco 14, Calif.

~~1st. Walter C. Nelson
17th Reg. 81st Inf. Reg. Bn.
Co. D - I.S.M.C.
Camp Roberts, Calif.~~

Miss Effie Nelson, 524 Belden Ave.
Chicago 14, Illinois - or -
c/o Swift & Co., E.A. Mass'g Office
U.S. Yards, Chicago 9, Illinois

Cadet Midshipman G. A. Nelson
S.E. Nicholas Biddle
c/o Postmaster, New York City, N.Y.

c/o Seena Shipping Co.
39 Courtlandt St.
New York City

Those of you who have met Ginger Kramer will be interested to know that his hair is getting long and curly and his tail has a ringlet on the end just like a little pig's. He sure is a pretty dog.

Mine and Bud are getting along fine in spite of the long hours they are putting in at the place. It certainly hasn't had a bad effect on Buddy's health for he is getting fat as a pig again. To see him now, all 180 pounds of him, you would never believe that only six months ago he weighed only 135.

I called home Sunday and talked to Dad. He is feeling "about as usual". I asked him if he had his new desk nearly finished, and he said "about as usual"; I asked him if everything was going along all right, and he said "about as usual".

He said that a letter had arrived from Glenn and that he was still in New York, apparently aboard ship waiting for the convoy to assemble. His address has not changed.

Mara was griping the last time I saw her that she was having a very difficult time living up to the reputation for being smart that Mary had established at school. She wishes she had had a dumb sister so she wouldn't have to work so hard. I wish you could have seen her dancing at Hank's wedding reception. She is second to none when it comes to jitter-bugging. She explained to me that she couldn't understand why mother refused to let her attend the dances given at the YWCA.

Donna Mae had a set-back last week when she was too active and tore open her incision, but she is recovering nicely again. Dorothy has quit her job again; her children mean more to her than any old job. I saw their new home the last time I was home. It is very cute and small - like a playhouse.

I haven't had many suggestions on how to make these letters more helpful, interesting, or enjoyable to you. Are you satisfied with them as they are?

Here's a bushel of love and a great big kiss for each of you -

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #7

November 10, 1943

Home
Vic
Hank
Eva
Glenn
Wallie

First of all, each person listed above receives a copy of this letter. You do not need to send it on to someone else.

Jack spent last weekend in Chicago and it rained and it rained and it rained. We wanted to go to the Bears and Packers football game Sunday but were afraid we would catch pneumonia so we went bowling instead. Sunday night we had dinner with Nina and Bud and then took the subway downtown to see what I thought was going to be a play and turned out to be an operetta. THE WALTZ KING was the story of a day in the life of Johann Strauss, set to music, and presented at the Civic Opera House. Richard Bonelli is the fickle, blonde-chasing Strauss. The music was super and the actors well chosen, but at times it was difficult for us to understand the singers for we had balcony seats, far far from the stage. Jack took the midnight train home and probably slept all the next day for he was really tired.

Hank wrote to us from New York last Friday. I'm surprised they are holding him in N.Y. so long. He is well and happy. If he knows where he is going, he can't tell, but just guessing, he is probably going to England or to the Southern European front.

Had a message from Vic via Millie and he too is getting along OK. He wants more letters!!!

So do I.....!!!!

As there is no news, will try to amuse you with the writings of other people. Here is one written by a tail gunner stationed in England. It is his version of the 23rd Psalm:

"Yea, though I fly through the valley of the Ruhr
I will fear no evil, for my 50-calibers are with me.
My pilot and my co-pilot they comfort me, and my
navigator will never lead me astray---I hope."

And then there was that delightful "poem" a schoolboy wrote about a frog that went like this:

"What a queer bird that frog are.
When he sit, he stand, almost;
When he hop, he fly, almost.
He ain't got no sense hardly,
He ain't got no tail hardly, either.
He sit on what he ain't got, almost."

Teddy Roosevelt once said:

"It is not the critic that counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deed; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails while daring greatly, knows that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

I wonder if F.D.R. will some day be as respected as Teddy is today. This is what they (some of them, I mean) think of him now:

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE FOR THE NEW ORDER

I pledge allegiance to the Roosevelt Family
And to the Indebtedness for which it stands;
One Family Indispensable -- with divorces and commissions
for all'.

Five thousand years ago, Moses said,
"Pick up your shovel, mount your ass and camel,
And I will lead you into the Promised Land."

Five thousand years later, Roosevelt said,
"Put down your shovel, sit on your ass and smoke a camel;
This is the Promised Land."

Ho-Hum - - - I still like him and the Mrs.

Below are copies of two advertisements that appeared in Chicago papers recently. The first is an advertisement of the King Midas Lumber Company who deal in second-hand lumber:

"Cut houses - slightly used - single seat -
special at only \$9.95 each."

The second is a Wieboldt ad for girls' dresses:

"Lovlies: Be a Fireball - give your Coon a Real Heartburn with 'Come and Get Me' charmers! Yep, High School Hangout and Bonnie Boldt Shops are stocked with ~~attractive~~ dudes that'll sure 'nough dunk your current hunk of man in the drink of love so's he'll come up fizzin...they're fatal!!! So buzz right in - you'll get oo-oomph-a-tively the latest word for little cabbage!!!"

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #8

November 24, 1943

VIC
HANK
EVA
GLENN
WALLIE

Here's an extra special announcement although it may be a little soon to talk about it:

EVELYN AND TROY ARE EXPECTING A BLESSED EVENT NEXT JUNE.

Naturally she is very excited, and the rest of us aren't taking it too calmly either. How I wish she were a little nearer home. As Troy is a twin, there is every reason to expect that they may have a pair, so start thinking up some cute names like Moe and Joe, or Sue and Prue, and send your contributions.

As you probably know, Wallie is now going to school in Los Angeles. The school is a Catholic College and the 300 boys attending this A.S.T.U. course are taught by Priests. He is kept very busy and has very little time to write letters, but after waiting for one for about three weeks, we finally received one yesterday. His new address is:

Pvt. Walter C. Nelson
Co. B - A.S.T.U. 3938
Loyola University
Los Angeles, California

He is scheduled to attend school for nine months with a week's leave every three months.

Nina has something I wish all of you could see. A friend of hers and Bude is an artist, and when she told him that the service flag they have hanging out at the place stood for our five brothers, he asked to see pictures of them. She showed him the pictures we had and he asked if he couldn't make up a composite picture for her of all five, and last week he brought her the finished picture. It is really wonderful. This is what he did. Photographs were taken of the pictures we gave him and each was blown up so that they are of equal size. Then the negatives were transposed to one sheet in this order:

Wallie Glenn

Hank

Rue Vic

The picture is large - about 18 x 24 inches, and when it was returned, from the photographer, the artist touched up each picture putting in a pencilled background, shading where necessary, and the final effect is just perfect. I am so proud of it that I brought it down to the office to show a few people. It was a sensation. A reporter from our Swift Arrow asked me to let him publish it, but I said no. Nina has framed it and it hangs alongside the flag. Honestly, I didn't know how handsome you all are until I saw that picture. The girls here at

the office would choose the one whose looks they liked the best, and believe it or not, each of you got about the same number of votes.

Enough of that - you will all be getting vain.

Last weekend I was home, and here are bits of news from there:

Dad wanted to go deer-hunting so badly, that when he couldn't find any other way to go, he took the train. He couldn't find a place to live up there so after one day of hunting he came home again, but he enjoyed himself immensely and that was all we heard about for two days while I was there. He was pretty tired when he returned, but I think he held up amazingly well under the strain of riding that train two nights, sitting up all the way. He is thinking of finding some work to do because he feels so much better.

About a week ago, I had a letter from Vic. He is well and very busy. They are only allowed one letter a day and of course he usually sends that to Millie, so don't expect to hear from him much. However - don't let that keep you from writing yourself.

No word from Hank as yet. He left New York about 12 days ago. Nothing from Glenn yet either.

When Russel's insurance was finally settled, the folks got a check with which they were able to pay most of the funeral expenses. They also bought a marker for his grave which was put on this week. It is regulation size (all stones in the cemetery are the same size) of brown marble and simply marked with his name, dates of birth and death. I felt you would like to know.

Perhaps some of you read in the paper that G.F. Swift died last month. He was our former president and then chairman of the board of directors. What interested me most though was to learn that he was the oldest son of a family of eleven children. There were seven boys and all of them went into the business their father started.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day and all of us have lots to be thankful for. Nina and Bud are sending a turkey home and they will spend the day with Uncles, the folks, Shirley, Jack and Mary. Nora is planning to be with Millie. Yours truly will have dinner with Sis and Bud, and we will all be thinking of you. If we can continue to bomb Germany the way Berlin was bombed the other night, you will be celebrating next Thanksgiving with us.

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #2

December 3, 1943

VIC
HANK
EVA
GLENN
WALLIE

The long-awaited card has finally arrived from the Government that Hank has arrived safely "somewhere on the other side" and in the future should be addressed as follows:

T/4 Henry V. Nelson, 16096373

518th Ordnance Co. (H.M.)

A.P.O. No. 4915 (P) 5

c/o Postmaster

New York City, N. Y.

This is no change from the address given you previously, but just so there won't be any doubt, am repeating it here. (His cable address is "AMCIBO") As far as I know, no letters have been received from him yet, but I know they will be coming along soon.

I had a lovely long letter from Wallie this week. Here are bits from his letter which may interest you:

"As far as the box of food for me is concerned (he means for Xmas), make it big and delicious for I'll have to share it with others just as they share theirs with me. Excess baggage means nothing to me. I have two large barracks bags and a foot locker. They are a little empty now....In general my impression of Loyola is favorable and living here is altogether bearable. My greatest pleasure is learning something and understanding it. Were it not for that, I'm sure that I wouldn't hesitate to have myself expelled (join the army again)....If bombing raids continue in scope as they are now, maybe it will be possible to celebrate next Thanksgiving in Tokyo. And by the way, if you see the movie BEHIND THE RISING SUN, the type of fighting that Japanese sergeant does is typical of the tactics our infantrymen are using to defeat the Japs. They thought they were experts at it until the American Infantrymen proved otherwise."

Personally, I'd much rather you all would celebrate next Thanksgiving right here at home with us and not in Tokyo as he suggests. How about that? However, it is good news to know that we have the edge on those yellow bellies when it comes to fighting, and after about six months in the Infantry, who should know better than Wallie?

We also had a letter from Mom this week. She fell off her diet some time ago so she didn't feel so well for a while, but now she says..."Am feeling real good again and believe me, I will stick to my diet the rest of my life."

You enclosed a letter she received from Eva and Troy, and although it may be unfair, I'm going to publish some of what they wrote:

"Evelyn is taking the day off for various reasons which you probably know all about. Saturday she had her first sick day - you know, up-set stomach, throwing up and such. (He goes on to say that he is chief cook and bottle-washer...she's not so dumb!))....Incidentally I've decided it is going to be a boy for there are no boys in our family to carry the Heikkala name so I've decided this one will have to. (poor kid - what a load) But God only knows. If this one should be a girl, OK; the next one will be a boy. (And then Troy goes on to say:) Do the children know about us having a baby on the way, and if so, what do they think of it? And what do you think of it? I think it is a swell idea. Can't quite picture myself as a father yet though, but I suppose when I start walking the floor with him nights, I'll know I am one...." (338 Is he kidding? Wait until he has to wash out the diapers!)

All joking aside, I hope they are just as happy in June when the baby arrives. I'm sure they will be and that they will be as fond as parents can be.

One of our boys from here in the office recently passed over the equator on his way to Australia. When the equator is crossed for the first time, the person crossing is initiated into the Domain of Neptunus Rex by Shellbacks who are already members. If they are deemed worthy, they are presented with a membership card which protects them from further initiations. I made a copy of the card and am enclosing same. As Vic has crossed the equator (I suppose), he must now be a shellback, and Glenn probably is also. By the way, no word from Glenn has been received. Every now and then I get the Atlas out and try to imagine where he is. Just about now, I picture him rounding the southernmost tip of Africa on his way to enchanting ~~at~~ India.

The Readers Digest published the following 'stories' a few months ago. In case you didn't read them, perhaps you are interested:

"When we went to sight-see in the restricted hot-spot areas", wrote a soldier from North Africa, "we dress up like the native women, with veils over our faces. Because they don't dare peek, even if they suspect the truth, the MP's are going nuts!"

"A Swedish Industrialist who visited Berlin brought back this story of the temper of the German people: A German conferred with the director of his bank. "I have saved 1000 marks. How can I best invest them?" The director suggested war bonds saying "Der Fuhrer guarantees the security of your money."

"But Der Fuhrer is mortal, too. If he dies, what then?"

"Then Goering will be the guarantor of your money."

The client still protested. "Goering is a flier. He might have an accident."

"Then," shouted the director, "you will have the whole Nazi party to be good for your money!"

The client was still unconvinced. "If the army is beaten, the party may also fall."

"Whereupon the director leaned over and whispered, "Mein Gott, man, wouldn't that be worth to you 1000 marks?"

Amen...

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #10

January 4, 1948⁴

VIC
HANK
EVA
GLENN
WALLIE

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

As I start this letter, I haven't a darned thing to say. I wrote to all of you last week when I was home with the flu - and I told you everything I could think of, and since then nothing has happened. But I suppose you're waiting for another letter just as I am.

The New Year arrived with the usual celebration a bit more subdued than usual. As we got out of work at 3:00 in the afternoon, I did my celebrating from then until 8:00 and then went out to help the kids. They had a big evening. I hope all of you had a merry time of it. I'm enclosing a new calendar for you; one of those that fits into your wallet so nicely. This should be the year for great tidings.

We have had letters from all of you...except one and I hope her conscience bothers her... and thanks for your good wishes. Incidentally, Hank's last letter indicated that he has had his APO number changed to 813 instead of 4915 as previously advised. Hank hasn't had much chance to celebrate over there - he had to pay \$4 for a pint of wine. I wonder where all that Irish whiskey is I've heard so much about. Wallie has been doing a bit of night clubbing but so far Hollywood with all its beautiful girls hasn't impressed him as being too good.

I've just been across the street for my afternoon tea. Sometimes I wish they served beer instead. We run over there without coats regardless of the weather and sometimes it is really miserable. What we won't go through to get away from the office for a few minutes. Incidentally, the weather is very mild - about 30 to 40° each day, and no snow so far. Today we had a blanket of smog (snoke and fog) hanging over the city that was so thick you had to use an ice pick to chop your way through as you walked along. Gee, it's fun!!

My boss is away this afternoon, hence the chatter. And, woe is me...My pal, Mr. Fowler, who was Mr. Moss' assistant, has been transferred into the President's Office, and I'm all alone. Understand his successor, Mr. Reneker, who will be with us next week, is a swell person, but nobody could take Mr. F's place. He is positively the first person from Texas I have ever really liked, but to put it simply - I miss him like I would my right hand. He was purtty too.

Did I ever tell you that we now have a subway operating here in the big city. The elevated cars run on the elevated lines to within about a mile of the loop and then they duck underground. The service through the city is much improved, and it is especially nice when the weather is bad.

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #11

January 11, 1944

VIC
HANK
EVA
GLENN
WALLIE

When you see the things I have copied to enclose with this letter, you will be convinced that I'm not very busy. Well, I'm not for the next half hour. The boss has gone to the doctor so I'm on my own.

We finally got that snowstorm I have been dreading. It hasn't been very cold so of course there is lots and lots of slush which is the thing I hate about snow. Boy, will I have wet feet tonight.

I was out at Buddy's Inn last night and your big sister has informed me that she plans on spending an entire day this week catching up on her correspondence, which means you will all be hearing from her.

On the way to work this morning, I picked some things out of the paper that I thought were pretty good. How do you like them:

"I think that I shall never see
a steno busy as a bee

a steno typing all the day
who never dreams her time away

a gal whose errors are so rare
t'would be a shock to find one there

and one who ne'er is late or tardy
or absent as her health is hardy

poems are made by stenos like me
not as busy as the bee"

Did you ever realize how patient a man can be with a stupid woman - if she is pretty?

This is good:

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fusay thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to the other folk."

Mother called Sunday and asked if she could come down and spend the next weekend with us. I guess she is a little tired of seeing the same faces all the time and needs a change. I'm going to try to get tickets for a show that is very popular here now called "Tomorrow the World" - silly title, isn't it? It is supposed to be A-1 and I'll tell you all about it if we see it.

Some of the stories I'm enclosing may be old news to you. I can't remember which I sent to who. If you have already seen them, pass them on to someone else you think might enjoy them.

(Haven't time to stop and make corrections - hence the strike-overs, for which I would get fired if I did them on the boss' mail.)

"Marriage sobers an intoxicated man."

"Free advice costs you nothing unless you act upon it."

"It's better to work at the top because the bottom is too crowded."

"The secret of success is in making others think you're good; but you have to be good to do it."

I like that last one....It really is food for thought.

That's all for today. Have to clean up our desks.

- - - - -

I'm glad I didn't finish this letter and mail it yesterday for last night I received two lovely letters - one from Vic and one from Eva. Vic's letter was written New Year's Eve and was received the 10th - good air mail service, isn't it? Of course I don't know where it is sent from - all he calls it is Island X.

He says they have it pretty good now...they have managed to get a floor under the feet and their bunks are off the ground. The island is a jungle on top of a big coral rack about the size of Racine. He is in good health and is very busy, doing carpenter work. He says they work longer and every day but he doesn't mind for it keeps his mind occupied.

Evelyn's letter isn't one that would interest you fellows much. That is unless you are interested in knowing how much a maternity corset costs. She is beginning to get a little bit "round". She is keeping pretty busy for she is still working part time at Western Union, but she doesn't expect to be working much longer. If you know of any good home remedies for heartburn, you might pass them along to her. She uses the same one mom always used - baking soda. How about "tums for the tumay" Eva?

Well, I'd better get to work. It is almost 9 o'clock and I'd better do a little work before I go out for my morning coffee. I wonder what the boss will say when he finds out that that is how I spend that 20 minutes every morning when he can't find me.

Bye - Folks

January 27, 1944

Dearest Vic, Hank and Evelyn:

Since you are unable to be with us, I want to tell you a few things about last week and the future that you may be wondering or worrying about. We were all sorry you couldn't be with us last week, but you should be happy with your memories of Dad as you always saw him.

I shall always remember Dad as we saw him at Christmas time. As I told you before, Dad took a great interest in the holiday this year and he was as happy as I have ever seen him. He made a lot of little knick-knacks for all of us, finished the new desk for Mother so Dorothy could have hers, built mother some china cabinets that she has wanted for so long, built a mill for Buddy, and did a lot of sweet things which we hardly expected. As I look back now and see how he seemed to clean up a lot of little jobs that have been pending for a long time, it seems that he might have known his death was coming soon and he didn't want to leave anything undone.

Mother wanted all the arrangements to be very simple and everything was planned the way we thought he would have wanted it. Because he loved wood so much, a casket of tulip-wood stained the color of mahogany, and lovely flowers. Nina and I ordered a cross of gladiolas, calla lillies and roses which I think were his favorites, and these were from all of us. He had a great many flowers and everyone was so kind. The weather all of last week was like spring with the sun shining every day, no snow, the temperature around 40 to 50 degrees, and it was hard to believe we were in the middle of January.

Please have no misgivings about anything...Dad died quietly and peacefully, and he looked as we have so often seen him, as if he were taking a nap on the couch. Mother is upset and nervous, of course, but she only needs time to get back to her normal cheerful self.

Wallie was home as you probably know, and you can just imagine the changes in him since he was last home - eight months ago. The Army sure makes the boys grow up in a hurry. He was given a 14-day furlough so he is home all of this week - keeping Mom busy cooking, etc. He George and Jackie make just as much noise as ever when they get together, and as usual the phonograph is blaring a good share of the time. Glenn's last letter indicated that he is on his way back to the States, and possibly will be home about the 10th of February for Nina's birthday.

Dick also got in on a furlough last week so he is keeping mom company, holding down the couch in the "sun parlor". He completed that 6-~~333~~^{week} course in a school at Atlanta and is now a T-Corporal. Where he will go from here he doesn't know, but either overseas or back into maneuvers. Can't remember if I told you but Chuck Bartek is in India. He has had to give up liquor (guess why?) so he has taken up smoking cigarettes.

Arta and I sold bonds last night and the total was \$451.10 so that takes care of another week.

Evelyn is getting along very well (aren't you toots?), and is gaining weight slowly. We talked to her on the telephone last week and she sounded wonderful.

Incidentally, Mother was down two weeks ago for that weekend, and we had a lovely time. She hasn't seen a stage play in years so she and I went to see "Tomorrow the World", a story of an orphaned boy of 12 who was brought to the U.S. from Germany by his uncle. The boy was a Nazi thru and thru, and they had a bit of difficulty with him as they tried to Americanize him. It made an interesting story, and brings to mind the problem we will have with all the other German children when the war is won.

Don't worry about Mother and the kids. They will get along nicely. Mom will have the same income, and the kids are all working and doing very well. Except for Nora, they practically support themselves. Jackie is becoming quite a man. He looks after the furnace for mom and seems to know that she now depends on him for a lot of things, and he enjoys it. He needs responsibilities. Roy and Dot aren't very well satisfied with the neighborhood they are now living in, and as they would like to be nearer home, they are again looking for a place on the North side. Millie gets over quite often and so do Chuckie and her Mother. Of course, Nina and Bud are pretty tied down, but I will see that I get home more often to check up on little things and let you know how things are running.

We were unable to get word to Grant immediately, so he wasn't able to get home for the funeral, but as soon as he received word, he took a train for Chicago and arrived this morning. I haven't seen him but Nina has and he is now resting from the trip. He sat up all the way. He says he has money and is going to work here for just a short time, and is then going back to California, but after we have had a chance to talk to him, will give you more details. Anyway it was nice to know that he was interested enough to want to come back when he thought Mother might need him.

Have taken precious minutes at work to write this and I'd better get started on my duties again or I'll get fired. Oh yes, I got a raise last week. However, with all the deductions, I hardly know that there is any change. Evidence of good faith on the part of the boss though.

Lovingly,

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION NO. 12

February 9, 1944

VIC
HANK
EVA
WALLIE

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but I just haven't felt in the mood and besides there wasn't anything to write about.

Grant arrived in Chicago last week and apparently he plans to stay here for a while. He stayed with us until yesterday when he found a room, and he is working as a filling station attendant, earning \$35 a week. As long as he has money in his pocket, I'm sure he will be OK, so I'm not worried about him now. And of course while he is here we can keep an eye on him. He has been very good. Nina has been cooking for him because he is quite run down, and he sleeps 12 hours a day. He seems to be in good spirits and much more mature than he was before...maybe I should say more sensible. Anyway, we are doing all we can for him, and he has promised Mother he will behave himself, so that's about all for now. Mom was very happy to see him.

I was home last Sunday, I mean Saturday, and Sunday morning Mom and I brought the two soldiers back to Chicago and put them on their trains. Dick's train left at noon and Wallie's at 3:30 p.m. I sure hate to put them aboard, but one of these days, we'll be meeting trains instead of seeing them pull out.

Glenn called from Norfolk last Saturday night and he is expecting to be home this weekend. Don't know where he has been but will give you the dope when we have had a chance to talk to him. Mother said he sounded fine. Maybe he will walk in here and surprise me like he did the last time he came home...I hope.

Mary is working part time over at Brux Florists, so maybe we can start buying our flowers wholesale. Wouldn't that be swell?

Had a letter from Dorothy today. Everyone at home is fine. Mom has her moments when she feels pretty blue, but she is getting along fairly well, and things will gradually improve.

Wish I could write a long long letter full of good news, but hope you will be satisfied with this short one for a change.

This next week will be Valentine's Day - an appropriate time to say -

"I LOVE YOU"

February 22, 1944

VIC
HANK
EVA
GLENN
WALLIE

Where should I start? I have so much to say and so little time today....

Glenn got into Chicago last Thursday and expects to have at least another week here at home. He isn't sure yet, but believes that he will be sent back to school, probably to remain there until about Christmas time. He doesn't like the idea too well but he doesn't have much to say about it I guess. The Captain asked him if he would chip out with him again if he could get him excused from school and G. was very willing to do this, and it's nice to hear that G. has become so well-liked that he would be asked, but so far he has heard nothing and I guess that means he will go to school.

Mother was very happy to see him. He hasn't changed a bit. He hasn't gained any weight, either. I can't tell you a great deal about where he has been because that is a military secret and I have found that in some of my letters parts have been cut out. Do you know where the Garden of Eden was? He brought back a few beautiful articles. He picked up a Persian rug, a small one, but it is very lovely, and also a tapestry made in Egypt. His stories are really interesting, and when you all get together again, I just ~~xxx~~ want to sit back and listen for I'm the stay-at-home girl.

I was home over the weekend and everyone is in good spirits. Mother is getting along fine. Millie and the children were over on Saturday afternoon and we had so much fun with them. She took them home and tucked them into bed and came back to play cards with all of us. Roy, Dorothy, Donna and Buddy, and Rosie were over in the evening also. No one won very much.

By Saturday nite my head was going in circles. I made out income tax returns for Glenn, Shirley and Jack, and I was trying to figure out the way we could save the most money. Ended up by having Glenn claim the dependents, and with the money he saves he can pay Shirley's tax also and come out way ahead.

Chuckie was over Sunday and we had a nice visit. Uncles were also there so we had a houseful - just like old times. Hannah is very happy and looks better than ever in her life. Taunte and Uncle both look good although Taunte is beginning to show her age a bit. She is still very ~~ad~~ active but she has mellowed and slowed down just a little. I think it is about time. She deserves a well earned rest in her old age.

That's all for now - more later.

Wednesday:

The boss went out on the plant so I'm going to try and finish yesterday's letter. I meant to write the rest last night at home, but by the time I finished cleaning house I was too tired.

Wallie said he was expecting me to keep him informed fax of anniversaries and birthdays so I'd better give you a few of the nearest ones.

March 3 would have been Mother and Dad's 38th wedding anniversary.

March 14 - Grant's 23rd birthday

March 17 - Mary's 13th birthday

March 19 - Wallie's 20th birthday

April 19 - Hank's 30th birthday (Is that right Hank?) *hc-29^{cl}*

May 1 - Mother's birthday (57th)

Eva & Troy's 1st Wedding Anniversary

Donna Mae's birthday May 24

Ray & Dorothy's 10th wedding anniversary - May 25

Baby Buddy's was yesterday (2/22) in case you forgot. He had a party and was very happy about it. When you come back, he will be a little prize-fighter for Mine and I gave him a set of boxing gloves and you should see him use them.

Lunch-time - - - (Trout, beans and plum pie)

Do you find time to write to each other very often? I don't suppose you do so from here on will be notes from letters we have gotten from you:

Mom: "Have taken out insurance on all four of the children, Shirley and Jack can take care of their own. \$300 each."

Wallie: "The second term is now well under way. The first of this week they had me scared as hell. They wanted me to repeat the first term (because he was home and didn't take the final exams).

Dated 2/13 However I finally sweated them into believing I was capable of going on into the second term...There isn't anything very interesting occurring. It's all work and not much play..."

(Incidentally, the papers stated last week that the Army specialized training courses were to be discontinued except for a few advanced classes so this may mean Wallie will be sent into combat soon.)

Eva: "Am I getting round - in the middle. weight 112 lbs. now. I don't think I'm gaining elsewhere...little discomfort except for that pesky heartburn...Have this week and one more to work. I'm beginning to get awfully tired standing. No worrying please. If I were very tired I'd quit today instead of next week."

Hank's last letter was personal - nothing to transmit. He is still in Ireland and is getting a bit impatient for action.

Glad to hear you like these X letters. I enjoy writing them. Sometimes I run a bit short of material though so if you have anything to broadcast, please keep me posted.

2/23

Dear Hank & Vic -

I'm pretty disgusted with Roy, and as I'm afraid he may write and upset you about something that took place at home, I'm going to explain it to you first.

In the first place, Mother has an income of about \$100 a month which is enough to get by on but nothing left over. In the spring she will need extra money for painting the house and from time to time there will be additional expenses. She asked Roy and I what we thought of selling the lot and thereby reduce the monthly payments to the Home Loan Corporation. She believes she can realize about \$700 on it at least. Roughly estimating, this should cut down the payments about \$7 a month. They are now \$38.97 I think. At this rate, in ~~xxxx~~ a year she would save about \$85 which would be very helpful.

This is the point. Roy refuses to see that she will be gaining her independence which means more than the money to her. We could all give a couple of dollars to her each month and never miss it, but she doesn't want that. She wants to stand on her own feet and as long as it means so much to her, I say - it is her property and as long as she keeps the home, let her do what she wants to with the lot. All it is is extra expense in the taxes each year and with Dad not here, there won't be anyone to plant a garden on it or enjoy it, so let it go if she can get rid of it. Believe Roy is held back by some promise to you that he would see that things remain the same until your return, and I admire him if that is his motive, but sometimes he is pretty pig-headed. You certainly wouldn't hold him to that promise if Mother could benefit by selling the lot.

Please don't get excited over this or worry. For the time being, nothing is to be done. Roy talked to Grant about it and has given him the impression that I'm ~~g~~ encouraging Mom to sell it - which I am not. I want her to be happy and that's all. She won't do anything rash I know. So - Roy persuaded Grant to promise Mom he will send her the money each month to keep things as they are so as long as he does this, O.K. He owes it to her, God knows, and let him do this as long as he will.

Grant is working in a filling station earning \$35 a week and can afford to send her some money. When he can no longer do anything, or if Mom should get a very good offer, that will be a time enough to change things.

Mother asked me to go through her papers, etc., with her which I have done and everything is in order. We are arranging to have her name corrected from Christina Nelson to Mary Christine Nelson on a few papers so there will not be any question about them in the future. You will recall what a lot of confusion her two names have caused. She has a little nest-egg in the bank, and when she needs it she can always get money from either me or Nina.

I feel as if I have jumbled this note together but that's because I'm in such a hurry. As I said before, will see that things are kept in order even if I have to battle with Roy a bit to do it. He means well but he can't always think straight (and you know what I mean).

Please don't mention this to Roy. He may write to you and he may not but I wanted you to understand things correctly. He is so excitable. I'm sending a copy of this to Mother, and I'm asking all of you to destroy it when you have read it. It would only cause hard feelings if Roy should ever hear of it.

Sincerely,

Hot off the press from Wallie:

"From the latest reports it appears that A.S.T.P. is to be liquidated. This report came over the radio Friday night and was also in Saturday's paper. The Captain called a meeting of all trainees yesterday and told us that we shouldn't take any such reports too seriously until he is officially notified. A telegram supposedly arrived in the orderly room last night saying we would be moved out prior to April 1. Now I'm just as confused as you are so all there is to do is wait. This we do know. The government has a contract with the school which doesn't expire until the end of April and that is when this term ends.

"Received a letter from Vic. What have you heard from Hank?"

Ef.

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION NO.14

HOMER
VIC
HANK
EVA
GLENN
WALLIE

March 8, 1944

S. & Co. can go to pot this morning until I get my letter off. All last week I slaved over this desk getting the boss ready for a trip East, and now that he is gone, I'm taking care of my family business.

I have letters from each and every one of you to answer this time. You have all been swell about writing. I've been getting a letter from Wallie every Wednesday and sometimes it doesn't arrive until the afternoon mail, and when that happens, I think he took the week off and didn't write, but so far I haven't been disappointed once. He sure is thoughtful to write so regularly. I try to follow his good example, but sometimes it is beyond my control.

Vic says they are having a "mild winter" where he is. He says - "it was 150° on the (censored) last two days. When the boys came into camp in the evening they looked like boiled lobsters." Otherwise things with Vic are pretty much the same. They are working hard down there as we can tell by the papers. How I wish he could tell us where he is so we could follow him on the map. Incidentally, Vic, a Marine Raider to whom I write just informed me he was in on the Esprese Augusta Bay deal. If you are nearby, can't you tell me in your reply that you are? I have my map of the Pacific Islands very handy so I can follow what is going on out there.

Hank is in good health and says he may not write for a couple of weeks as he plans to go to school. I'm glad to hear that, Hank, and will excuse you from writing if you don't have the time. What are you going to study? Has it something to do with Ordnance work or is it the King's English? Harold Hansen's half brother is a 2nd Lt. in the Air Corps over there in England. Hank got in touch with him and they plan to take a little ride up there in the blue some day soon. He also said he enjoyed the 'poems'. Glad to hear that. I try hard to keep a supply of them on hand, but some of them are pretty corny...or else so rare that I blush to retype them.

Eva is busy these days making a cape to hide the little fellow in. She has quit working and will probably keep pretty busy making wee things from now on.

Glenn is back at school much to his regret. He had ten days at home which I hope he enjoyed as much as we enjoyed having him here. His new address is as follows:

Cadet Midshipman Glenn A. Nelson
Furuseth Hall - 8306
U. S. M. M. A.
King's Point, New York.

Wallie will be interested to know that he watched Toscanini rehearse the NBC Symphony in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, last Saturday. He will probably write and tell you all about it.

Wallie says: "There is no news yet concerning our shipping out. All we know is that we can't flunk out (even deliberately) or transfer to another outfit. Everyone tried the Air Corps when they heard ASTP was being closed but even that has been closed to ASTP men. If I dislike the outfit I'm transferred to, I'm going to try and make the para-troops. As far as I know my eyes are the only things that would keep me from getting in." That's a tough racket, Wallie, but good luck in whatever you decide.

Before I forget...Are you aware of the fact that air mail rates are being raised to 8¢ per ounce effective the 28th of this month? 8¢ per half ounce for overseas mail. AirMail service has been excellent.

There hasn't been much happening around here. Mother writes that she is busy house-cleaning and Millie is too. Mom has had the living room repapered and also the small bedroom upstairs. Jackie inherits that room now.

Am planning to go home this weekend. Mother is getting along fine; nothing for you to worry about.

Nina and Bud, Grant, and Arts, all say hello.

Grant is working hard and is being a good ~~xxxx~~ kid. He has been very devoted to Mother, going home nearly every weekend.

Must sign off now and try to earn my living.

All my love,

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION NO. 15

March 20, 1944

HOME EVA
VIC GLENN
HANK WALLIE

Correction: Air mail rates on overseas mail has not been changed. The rate is still 6¢ per half ounce. Domestic air mail rates have been raised to 8¢ per ounce.

Had a letter from Vic dated March 6 which he wrote in reply to mine of Feb. 23 which means we have very good service now between the S. Pacific and here. It used to take ages to get his letters. He said that they have movies a couple nights each week and last week a USO camp show played there so we know that things are becoming more civilized, and that will make everything a little easier. They even had chicken for Sunday dinner the 5th of March. He said they get fresh meat occasionally, but he sure would enjoy an ice cream sundae or a cool bottle of beer - in the right atmosphere. He is feeling well and says that maybe we will all be back together next Christmas. Well, if Henry Ford knows what he is talking about, it will be much sooner for he predicts the end of the war in two months. He asked that I say hello to everyone.

Wallie's letter of last week was written from the same place and so far no action has been taken to move them out - knock-knock on wood. Maybe the Government could have a convenient lapse of memory like some of the gals I know.

Glenn wrote that time is dragging for him, principally because some of his classmates abused their liberty privileges and the whole gang has been restricted. The way his commanding officer put it - "Effective immediately all Saturday leave is suspended until further notice. This suspension has been placed into effect because of the disturbances caused by Cadet-Midshipmen arriving in Great Neck Station on the special train, Sunday morning, 5 March; and, also because of the insubordinate actions of Cadet-Midshipmen at both evening messes on 3 March".

Shame on you!

He also says they are working very hard and regulations are pretty severe, and I suppose he notices them more than he might if he hadn't had so much freedom while at sea. He has to memorize 32 pages of rules for preventing collisions of ships at sea, word for word. You have my sympathy old boy.

Grant called me a little while ago. He was home yesterday and reports that everyone was in good spirits. Mary is making herself a new Easter suit. Incidentally, she is getting so tall. She is ahead of me by about two inches. I wonder if I can still lick her?

I like this: "Building friends is our number one job, today and every day. You make more friends when you are interested in other people than you do if you try to get other people interested in you".

Here is a typical German communique: Large formations of huge American bombers attempted to penetrate Western Germany today but were driven off by hordes of our brave fighter pilots. Forty-seven bombers were shot down. One of our fighters was lost. One of our cities is missing.

Went down to the Red Cross last week and they declared me "4-F" or something. It seems my blood pressure is a bit low and they didn't need that pint of blood badly enough to take it from me in my condition. It isn't anything to worry about - the doctor tells me - so I have made another appointment and probably it will be OK the next time I go down.

Incidentally, we are now in the midst of our annual Red Cross drive for funds and I was amazed to learn of some of the things it has accomplished in the past year. Are you interested?

5 million pints of blood have been collected.

There are 350 overseas clubs for service men and women.

5,300,000 prisoner of war packages packed for distribution.

That is just a few of the things they are doing for us. Do you know that out of 150,000 casualties transported by air to hospitals, there has been only one death? They are not only working for the service men and women but continuing their fine work here in the nurses aide courses, directing the making of surgical dressings, recruiting nurses, helping when disasters such as floods and hurricanes occur here at home, etc. They are more than welcome to my contribution, small as it seems compared with what they have done and are doing.

Our bowling season is just about over and thank goodness. With each night, I seem to get worse. My average is only 129, less than last year. Right now we are participating in a tournament and I sure wish I'd get hot and win a little ~~xxxxxx~~ money. Paid my income tax last week and now I feel mighty flat. Everyone has been telling me, however, that I look pretty round and healthy, so I took them at their word and went on a diet. It wasn't strict enough I guess for I only lost 1-1/2 pounds last week. I'd better lay off that food or I'll soon look like a barrel with a head.

When we sold bonds last week, we sold about \$500 worth. Do you fellows need a new rifle? If not, we'll apply part of that on the hospital bill for the Heikkala infant. How much longer is it, Eva?

Nearly time to go home so must sign off and send the boss on his way.

Vic: Mailed package of lighters Mar. 18. - First class mail.

Hank: Chuckie having tonsils out this week.

Ellen: What are your plans for May?

P.S. That Walker was shipped back to Roberts - no address yet.

LIST OF ADDRESSES AS OF MARCH 20, 1944

Roy Nelson
114 Center St.
Racine, Wis.

Buddy's Inn
2714 Peterson Ave.
Chicago 45, Ill.
Ambassador 9542

Mrs. T. W. Heikkala
6 Fountain Street
San Francisco 14, Calif.

Miss Effie Nelson
524 Belden Ave.
Chicago 14, Ill.

-or-
c/o Swift & Co., E.A. Moss' Ofc.
U.S. Yards, Chicago 9, Illinois

Viggo J. Nelson, C.M. 1/c
Co. B - 4 - 87th Naval Const. Bn.
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. V. J. Nelson
2006 N. Chatham St.
Racine, Wis.

Sgt. Henry V. Nelson
518th Ord. Co. (H.M.)
A.P.O. 813, c/o Postmaster
New York City, N.Y.

Mrs. H. Nelson
1105 Reschke
Racine, Wis.

Pvt. Walter C. Nelson
~~Co. B. - A.S.T.U. 3938~~ *Co I 355 Infantry*
~~Loyola University~~ *ap 87 H.L.M.R.*
~~Los Angeles 34, Calif.~~ *Camp Palatka Calif*

Cadet Midshipman G.A. Nelson
~~Furusetth Hall - 8306~~ *Cleveland Hall*
U.S.M.M.A. *3313*
Kings Point, N.Y.

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION NO. 18

March 20, 1944

HOME
VIC
HANK

EVA
CLEUN
WALLIE

I have a heck of a lot of nerve taking time out to write today for I was sick this morning and came to work at noon and it is now only 1:45, but the boss is away and I'll probably be so busy the rest of the week I won't have a chance any other time.

Wallie is at Camp Roberts again. He says: "After last Monday when we were told we were going to ship out, I was able to loaf three days on pass. Then it was Thursday noon and we prepared to ship out the next noon. We got out Thursday night and I spent my last night in L.A. at the opening performance of the San Carlo Opera. Friday noon we left Loyola, pulled out of the L.A. depot at 9:00 p.m. that night, arrived in Camp Roberts Saturday morning and this morning we were promptly herded far back here in the mountains of California. We're eating out of mess kits, living in seven man tents, sleeping on the ground and using the well-known straddle trench. (What's that, Wallie? My education seems to have been neglected.) These rations are the most meagre I've ever eaten. No sooner had I started eating than I was finished. Goodness I'm glad I stole the apple I just finished eating from the kitchen this afternoon."

I'm sorry the food isn't the very best Wallie, and it burns me up that all this had to happen on your birthday. Didn't you tell them that they couldn't do that to you? Anyway, it was swell that you had a chance to see the opening performance of the opera. What was playing? Who were the stars? Where was it held?

Wallie is contemplating a transfer to either the paratroops or the skitroops. Here is his new address also.

Pvt. W. C. Nelson, 16108164
355 Inf. A.S.T.P. Co. F
A.P.O. 69
H.L.M.R.
Camp Roberts, California

I'm enclosing an excerpt from a letter the boss received from a fellow who worked here which I thought would be of interest to you, especially now that Ireland is so much in the news. It is first hand information from someone who has crossed the ocean (Atlantic) five times since entering the Navy, and probably gives a truer picture than we are able to get from the newspapers which are so heavily censored. Take it for what it's worth. Hank being over there can probably tell us more but he isn't permitted to do so. Has this fellow got the right slant on things, Hank? We people here at home really don't appreciate how well off we are when you consider what the people there are going through, not so much in Ireland, but in England where they are being bombed continually. It must be a great strain.

Arta received a most interesting letter today from a friend who is in Italy. Maybe you would like to hear part of it...I know she wouldn't mind sharing part of it: "I don't really miss my beer, but often I wonder how a cold bottle of 'Bud' would go down - especially if it were being drunk in the familiar atmosphere of an American bar. Of

course there's nothing in Italy to compare with even the most ordinary joint in the States. In Naples things are picking up again and a guy can have a slug of wine or cognac to the tune of a corny band, but in our little village here we don't even have that small pleasure to look forward to. There are absolutely no shops open for the simple reason that there's nothing to sell. The Germans have 'scorched-earthed' everything, including women, farm animals and liquors. I've found a way to insure my daily portion of wine tho. I just bring up to our landlady a messagear full of left over chow - beans, cheese, bologne, etc., and she goes wild over it and yanks me into her kitchen, sets me down by the fireplace, puts a bottle of wine at my feet and I can drink to my heart's content. It's not so much that she likes the food herself but that her husband Frank does. And here in Italy the man is supreme in any household. They loaf thru the day while the women-folks do all the work. I've seen gals do everything from saddle their men's horses to carrying mixed cement to workers on bombed homes. It seems that they'll do anything to bring a smile to the face of their hubbies. Hence the popularity of my gift of beans to the landlady. As you might guess, this new idea of women being man's slaves (and the successful way it works) is bound to influence the Yank dogfaces over here. So don't be surprised if your friends (even the pip-aqueak type) come back after the war as tyrants and wife beaters."

Heaven forbid - - We want our men to come back and live the same lives we have known. How do you feel about it?

Shirley was down for the weekend. She hasn't been feeling too well and wants to leave her job at Websters so was looking into other types of work. She would like to leave Racine I believe but personally feel it would be unwise for her to do so...at least at this time.

Well, my dears, I'd better call it a day and tackle some of the work I have stacked up here. I remain, your correspondent -

Frank the ... April 7 - R. L. D. ... April 15